Straight max, burgundy Lex, swing a few bats I'm Gretzky, hockey mask on in the 'jects, yo I'm eating like Hortons, Gorton's fisherman hat A wristband flooded, Jew-jeweler selection It's obvious I blow shit up Keep gun smoking, yo, jump in a boat doin' a buck Hundred sons bagging XK Jags Brawler face, meatloaf your man up in the back of the wagon Drugs equal money, money equals sunny days Timbs, cut off shorts and gorgeous with a ton of haze Bank book crook, yo, I'm looking Brooklyn style, go 'head and juggle here, goonie's gon' book you It's like a tunnel when it's hard to get in You the target, the hardest niggas know when to win We in the corners, all eaters, bottles of Seagrams OG shit, now my niggas will peace you, what

I got the money that the banks can't hold
I got money, na na na na na
I got money, na na na na na
I got money, na na na na na

This ain't a bitch ass boom-bap It's click-clack, move back On 40th and Lennox where them killers and goons at The Boogie Down Bronx is where my family moved at I made it out the slums and I'll be damned if we move back Where killers knew rap, and niggas get jewels snatched My niggas on the runway with bandanas and doo-rags Jiggy since the perm, Raf Simmons with 2 straps I kick it with my niggas and that they move pack The money I be making kinda sacred, don't say it Just make sure you save it, thank God that you made it Taxes, pay it - the bullshit, save it The blueprint, I laid it - the radio, they play it So relay it, replay it then rate it but truth debate it Relate it, best way to it, but you too afraid to say it They hatin', they claim we affiliate with Satan But it's cool like ice, keep it skatin', amen

This how it's going down
You already know what we do man
Shit is classy, shit is real reluctant, real fly
The pursuit of perfection nigga
Chef, A\$AP. Shout out the Mob nigga, ha ha
Yeah, Ice H20
The golden city, yeah nigga, ha ha
Yeah, do that shit, do that shit
Do that shit, do that shit, do it
Do that shit, do it
Do that shit